

I say she will be greatly missed. However, the mark that she left will not be soon forgotten.

GEN. JUSKOWIAK'S REMARKS
BEAR REPEATING

HON. MAC COLLINS

OF GEORGIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 7, 2000

Mr. COLLINS. Mr. Speaker, I was privileged recently to hear Major General Terry Juskowiak speak about the role of the soldier in the United States. I was impressed by what he had to say, and would like to submit his remarks in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD:

It is truly an honor for me to be here today and to participate in this luncheon honoring Veterans—past and present.

Do we have any Jeff Foxworthy fans here? Let me do a take off on Jeff and say . . .

You might be a veteran if:

Your spouse responds to "hooah" and understands what it means regardless of the context you present it in.

You might be a veteran if . . . when you go camping, you ridicule other campers for setting up their tent down wind and down slope of the latrine.

You might be a veteran if . . . you still have an urge to line up your shoes under your bed.

Or . . . your two-year old calls everyone in BDUs "daddy." You might be a veteran if . . . when your kids are too noisy, you announce "at ease!"

You might be a veteran if . . . you've seen the movie "Patton" enough times to memorize his speech.

Or . . . cable news is your favorite program. The History channel is your next favorite.

You might be a veteran if . . . you ruin movies for everyone around you by pointing out the unrealistic military scenes.

And the biggest indicator you might be a veteran is

. . . if you understood and related to this list!!!

In a little over a week, our nation will observe Veterans Day. To some Americans, it will be viewed simply as a day off from work; a day to kick back and relax.

We all would be wise to instead recognize it as a significant national holiday . . . a day where we pause and honor all veterans who have served to fight for and protect the freedoms we enjoy—to enjoy our prosperity and our freedom to be able to kick back and relax.

As George Orwell wrote. "We sleep safely in our beds because rough men stand ready in the night to visit violence on those who would do us harm."

If you like your freedoms—thank a veteran.

I would ask the Veterans with us here today to please stand up. Ladies and gentlemen, let's recognize these distinguished individuals.

Let's pause for a moment and seriously reflect on just what is a veteran.

Some veterans bear visible signs of their service; a missing limb, a jagged scar, a certain look in the eye.

Others may carry the evidence inside of them, a pin holding a bone together, a piece of shrapnel in the leg—or perhaps another sort of inner steel. The soul's ally forged in the refinery of adversity.

Except in parades, however, the men and women who have served their country and kept it safe, wear no badge or emblem. You can't tell a vet just by looking.

Most veterans live quietly and anonymously among us. They are our grandparents to some, parents to other's, brothers and sisters to many.

Just who is a veteran? A veteran might be the elderly gentleman at the supermarket—palsied now and aggravatingly slow—who helped liberate a Nazi death camp in WWII and who wishes all day long that his wife were still alive to hold him when the nightmares come.

He is the retiring businessman whose co-workers never guessed that behind his quiet demeanor is the hero of four hours of exquisite bravery against near impossible odds—50 years ago, in the bitter cold, near the 38th parallel of Korea.

She—or he—is the nurse who fought against futility and went to sleep sobbing every night for a solid year in the heat of Vietnam.

He is the cop on the beat who spent six months in Saudi Arabia sweating two gallons a day making sure armored personnel carriers didn't run out of fuel.

He is the POW who went away one person and came back another—or didn't come back at all.

He—or she—is the person who served in the garrisons and training fields of our country. Who did not deploy, but served in ways that don't grab headlines. Who kept on doing what we are paid to do—training soldiers. And who played a critical role in caring for the families left behind.

A veteran is the three anonymous heroes in The Tomb of the Unknowns, whose presence at the Arlington National Cemetery must forever preserve the memory of all the anonymous heroes whose valor dies unrecognized with them on the battlefield, or the ocean's sunless depths.

Or close to home, a vet is a 22-year-old sailor named Cherone Gunn, who left his aunt and uncle's house (Mr. and Mrs. Taylor) in Rex, GA to join the Navy, serve his country and get some experience. But instead, while serving aboard the U.S.S. *Cole*, was killed in the prime of his life by a senseless terrorist act.

A veteran is an ordinary and yet extraordinary human being. A person who offered some of his life's most vital years in the service of our country, and who sacrificed his ambitions, and all too often his life, so others would not have to sacrifice theirs.

A veteran is a soldier, sailor, airman or marine. A citizen—a "regular guy or gal" who answered our country's call to service.

A veteran is America's sword against the darkness, the embodiment of the finest, greatest testimony on behalf of the finest, greatest nation ever known.

A veteran is an American citizen who also embodies the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny matters compared to what lies within us."

Because a veteran sees service to our country as an affair of the heart.

I'd like to share with you for a minute a short poem whose authorship is unknown. It is entitled "It's the Soldier!" But it speaks to all service members . . . to all service members of this magnificently free country:

It's the Soldier!

When the country has been in need, it has Always Been The Soldier!

It's the soldier, not the newspaper which has given us

the freedom of the press—

It's the soldier not the poet, who has given us the freedom of speech—

It's the soldier, not the campus organizer, who has given us the freedom to demonstrate—

It's the soldier, who salutes the flag, and serves under the flag—

It's the soldier whose coffin is draped with the flag,

Who allows the protester to burn the flag— And, it's the soldier who is called upon to defend our way of life!

Millions of Americans have served this country since the days of the American Revolution. Many have made the ultimate sacrifice. And many are buried at Arlington or a host of other national and private cemeteries at home and abroad.

The road we have traveled to get to where the world is today was made possible by the sacrifices of our veterans, and their families.

So remember, each time you see someone who has served our country, just lean over and say "Thank you." That is all most people need, and in most cases, it will mean more than any medal they could have been awarded.

I keep a poem with me when I am deployed. At home, it also sits on my desk. Its author is a Vietnam veteran, George L. Skypeck.

George's poem reminds me of how proud I am of my profession. I'd like to share it with you. It has special meaning to me—I'm sure it will to our veterans and their families as we pause to honor them on this special occasion:

I was that which others did not want to be. I went where others feared to go, and did what others failed to do.

I asked nothing from those who gave nothing and reluctantly accepted the thought of eternal loneliness . . . should I fail.

I have seen the face of terror, felt the stinging cold of fear, and enjoyed the sweet taste of a moment's love.

I have cried, pained and hoped . . . but most of all,

I have lived times others would say were best forgotten.

At least someday I will be able to say that I was proud of what I was . . . A Soldier.

On behalf of a very grateful nation, I thank all veterans and their families for their sacrifices and their service.

Americans can sleep safely at night. And Americans owe you an eternal debt of gratitude.

THE IMMIGRANT'S JOURNAL

HON. EDOLPHUS TOWNS

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, December 7, 2000

Mr. TOWNS. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to the publication that has been making a significant contribution to the immigrant community in Brooklyn—The Immigrant's Journal.

The Immigrant's Journal is a widely read and widely distributed newspaper in New York City, dealing with immigration and related issues facing the 2 million immigrants living in New York City. In the pages of the Immigrant's Journal, one will find articles on immigration, family matters, real estate, the criminal justice system and the political system. With the vast array of immigration related legislative proposals before Congress, and the multiple problems facing immigrants in the processing of their visas, it is indisputable that this journal represents an idea whose time has come. Apart from its purely informational mission, the Journal seeks to correct and change the misleading stereotypes which some native-